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DIGITAL  
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# SPAWN®



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COMICS PRESENTS:

## "FLASHBACK"

PART 1



story & art  
**TODD McFARLANE**

editor & letters  
**TOM ORZECHOWSKI**

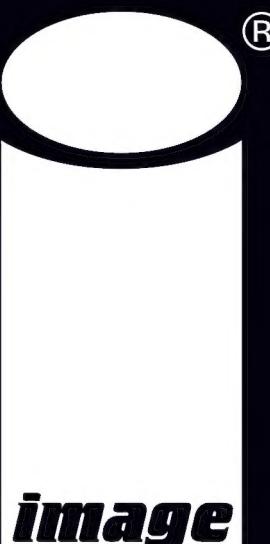
color  
**STEVE OLIFF**  
**REUBEN RUDE**  
and **OLYOPTICS**

Dedicated to:  
**SHEL DORF**

FOR IMAGE COMICS  
**LARRY MARDER** - exec. director   **TONY LOBITO** - publisher

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Director Of Creative Development: **TERRY FITZGERALD**.  
Graphics Coordinator: **JULIA SIMMONS**.



## SPAWN.

MORE APPROPRIATELY, HELLSPOWN, THE OFFICERS-IN-TRAINING OF THE MALEBOLGIA, SENT TO THE LIVING WORLD TO HONE THEIR POTENT, YET LIMITED, SUPPLY OF POWER. THEY MUST FIRST PROVE WORTHY OF THEIR RARE SELECTION AS A WARRIOR FROM THE REALMS BEYOND.

THE LATEST RECRUIT, AND THE FIRST THIS CENTURY, IS LT. COLONEL AL SIMMONS. MILLIONS OF SOULS, BOTH GOOD AND EVIL, WERE BYPASSED BEFORE SIMMONS WAS APPOINTED. HE HAD THE GIFT, THE RIGHT WIRING, THE WELL-TOOLED MACHINERY. DURING HIS FIRST EXISTENCE ON EARTH, HE HAD SHOWN A WILLINGNESS TO FOLLOW ORDERS. TO KILL. TO MURDER. TO SLAUGHTER. ALL IN THE NAME OF DUTY. HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE GREAT BEYOND, BUT HIS ATHEISTIC LEANINGS ONLY MADE HELL'S SELECTION OF HIM EVEN MORE SATISFYING.

YET THE UNBELIEVER CANNOT BE CHOSEN AGAINST HIS WILL. HE OR SHE MUST OPEN THE DOOR TO EVIL WILLINGLY AND WITHOUT HESITATION. THE SURREAL TRAUMA OF DEATH EXPERIENCED BY EACH SOUL LEAVES MANY OPEN TO EXPLOITATION. THE EVIL ONE QUICKLY FOUND THE CHINK IN SIMMONS' EMOTIONAL ARMOR:

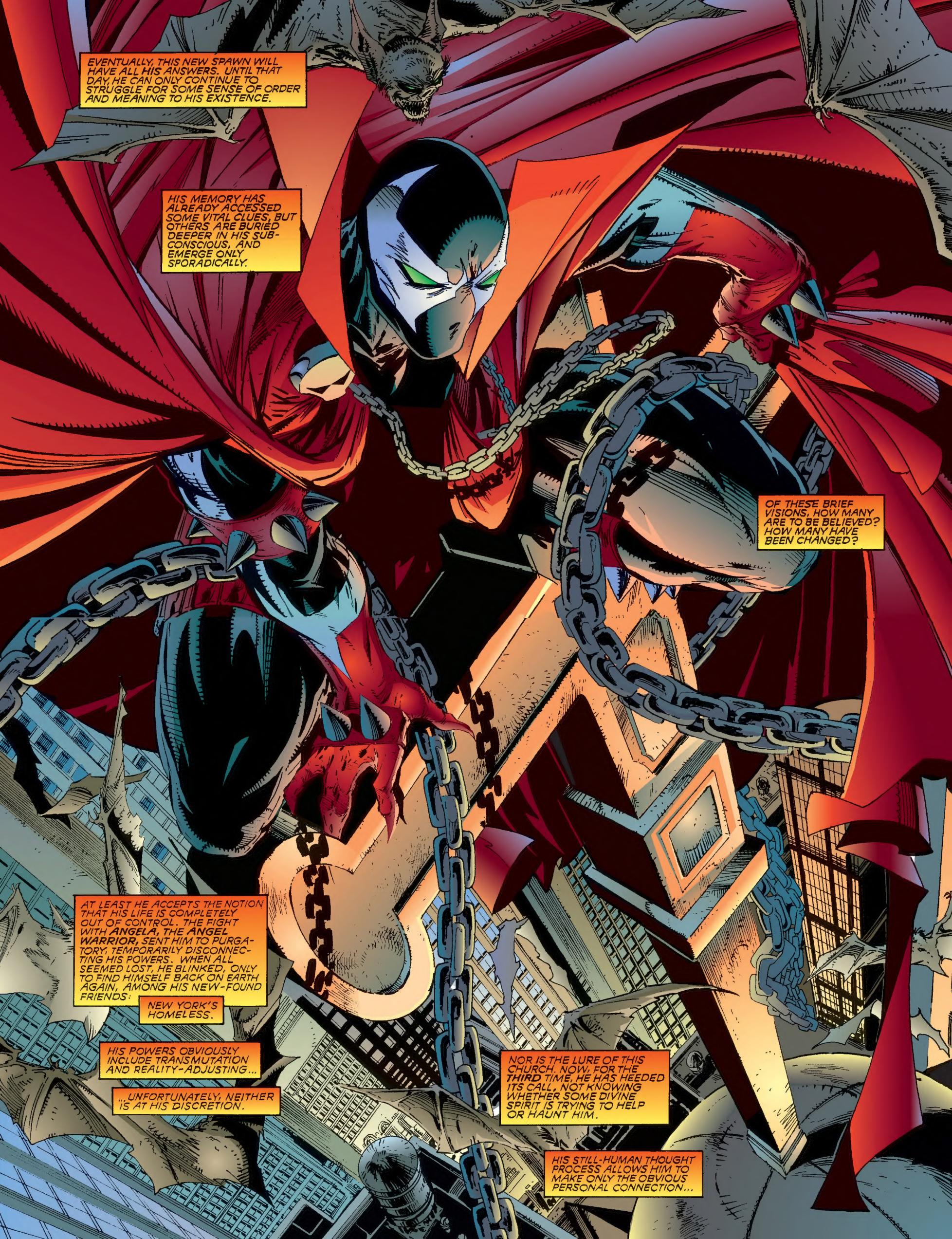
LOVE.

NOT FOR DUTY OR COUNTRY, BUT FOR SOMEONE. THIS WEAKNESS HAS BEEN THE GREATEST OF ALL AIDS TO ENLISTMENT FOR THE MALEBOLGIA'S ARMY. EASILY-MANIPULATED NEWLY-ARRIVED SOULS WILL BARTER NEARLY ANYTHING FOR LOVE. THEY WILL PROMISE, AND EVIL WILL ACCEPT. THUS, THEIR FATE IS SEALED. THE PACT WILL BE IN EFFECT FOR ETERNITY.

THIS IRONY-- LOVE AS EVIL'S TRUMP CARD-- IS NOT HIDDEN FROM GOD. SOME DAY, THESE TWO POWERS WILL CLASH OVER THIS COSMIC "HOLY GRAIL"-- ARMAGEDDON WILL BE FOUGHT FOR THE REASON HUMANS EXIST IN THE FIRST PLACE...

LOVE.

AL SIMMONS  
TRADED HIS  
SOUL FOR IT.



EVENTUALLY, THIS NEW SPAWN WILL HAVE ALL HIS ANSWERS. UNTIL THAT DAY, HE CAN ONLY CONTINUE TO STRUGGLE FOR SOME SENSE OF ORDER AND MEANING TO HIS EXISTENCE.

HIS MEMORY HAS ALREADY ACCESSED SOME VITAL CLUES, BUT OTHERS ARE BURIED DEEPER IN HIS SUB-CONSCIOUS, AND EMERGE ONLY SPORADICALLY.

OF THESE BRIEF VISIONS, HOW MANY ARE TO BE BELIEVED? HOW MANY HAVE BEEN CHANGED?

AT LEAST HE ACCEPTS THE NOTION THAT HIS LIFE IS COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL. THE FIGHT WITH ANGELA, THE ANGEL WARRIOR, SENT HIM TO PURGATORY, TEMPORARILY DISCONNECTING HIS POWERS. WHEN ALL SEEMED LOST, HE BLINKED, ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF BACK ON EARTH AGAIN, AMONG HIS NEW-FOUND FRIENDS:

NEW YORK'S HOMELESS.

HIS POWERS OBVIOUSLY INCLUDE TRANSMUTATION AND REALITY-ADJUSTING...

UNFORTUNATELY, NEITHER IS AT HIS DISCRETION.

NOR IS THE LURE OF THIS CHURCH. NOW, FOR THE THIRD TIME, HE HAS HEeded ITS CALL, NOT KNOWING WHETHER SOME DIVINE SPIRIT IS TRYING TO HELP OR HAUNT HIM.

HIS STILL-HUMAN THOUGHT PROCESS ALLOWS HIM TO MAKE ONLY THE OBVIOUS PERSONAL CONNECTION...

MY WEDDING.

IT WAS THE ONLY TIME I ENTERED A CHURCH. BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ANYTHING? MAYBE SOMETHING... MAYBE.

BESIDES, RECALLING SOME HAPPINESS MAY BE THE ONLY WAY I STAY SANE.

DO YOU, WANDA CATHERINE BLAKE, TAKE THIS MAN...

THE CEREMONY WAS ENJOYABLE. I HEARD. MY ATTENTION WAS FOCUSED SOLELY ON WANDA. FROM THE MOMENT SHE WALKED DOWN THE AISLE UNTIL WE LEFT THE CHURCH AS HUSBAND AND WIFE, I ALMOST FORGOT HOW TO SAY "I DO." I WAS SO MESMERIZED BY HER. NOT NERVOUS. I WAS NEVER NERVOUS... JUST TOTALLY CAPTIVATED BY HER BEAUTY, AND WHAT THE DAY MEANT FOR US.

OUR LIVES.  
THE FUTURE.  
EVERYTHING  
SEEMED SO  
PERFECT  
THAT DAY.

ESPECIALLY  
HER.

I'LL NEVER FORGET  
HOW INCREDIBLE  
SHE LOOKED.

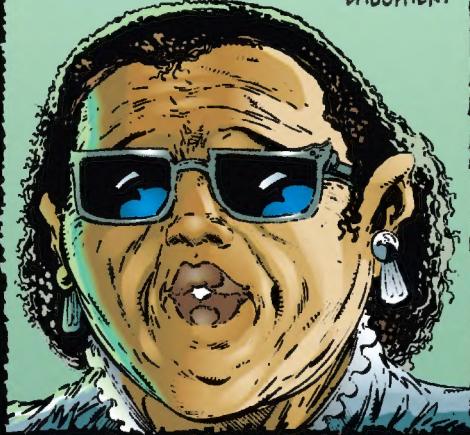
HOW HAPPY  
SHE WAS.

... HOW HAPPY I WAS. WHEN WE DANCED TO OUR SONG, "ENDLESS LOVE." I WAS COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF EVERYTHING BUT HER. I REMEMBER WANDA LOOKING AT ME, FOR JUST A MOMENT, WITH TEARS IN HER EYES.

IT GAVE ME THE WARMEST FEELING OF MY LIFE.



AND WHO COULD FORGET LITTLE GRANDMA BLAKE. HER BLINDNESS NEVER SLOWED THAT WOMAN DOWN FOR A SECOND. FIESTY, JUST LIKE HER GRAND-DAUGHTER.



PLEASE, AL. I DON'T MEAN TO PRY, BUT WHY DON'T YOU MAKE WANDA TAKE YOUR LAST NAME. SHE WON'T LISTEN TO ME. CURSE HER STUBBORNNESS.

DOESN'T SHE LOVE YOU? ISN'T SHE PROUD OF YOUR NAME? WHAT ABOUT YOUR MOM AND DAD...?

THEY MUST BE HURT.



IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE FIFTIETH TIME WE'D HAD THIS DISCUSSION. I TOLD HER THE SAME THING I DID THE OTHER FORTY-NINE TIMES. "I MET A WANDA BLAKE. I FELL IN LOVE WITH A WANDA BLAKE. I'VE BEEN DATING A WANDA BLAKE AND NOW I WAS MARRIED TO A WANDA BLAKE. WANDA SIMMONS SOUNDS LIKE MY SISTER.."

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CHILDREN? WHAT ARE THEY GONNA BE? SIMMONS? BLAKE? ONE OF THEM SILLY HYPHENATED NAMES?

PLEASE, THINK ABOUT THE CHILDREN.

CHILDREN. FUNNY HOW THAT POINT BECAME MOOT.

I WASN'T ABLE TO GIVE WANDA THE KIDS SHE WANTED SO DESPERATELY.



DON'T WORRY. WE'VE FIGURED IT ALL OUT. INSTEAD OF "BLAKE-SIMMONS," WE'RE GOING TO SHORTEN IT TO B.S.

BIG B.S.! AND LITTLE B.S.!

WE'RE PLANNING ON HAVING ONLY TWO.

I DON'T THINK SHE WAS AMUSED. THE DOCTORS SAID IT WASN'T ME WHO WAS STERILE. NOW I KNOW THEY WERE WRONG. TERRY-- DAMN HIM-- HE GAVE HER A CHILD.



HOW COULD HE DO THAT TO ME?! HIM AND WANDA! AT NIGHT! IN THEIR BEDROOM!! I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT IT. I FEEL LIKE I'M BEING CHEATED ON.

DRIVING MYSELF CRAZY. NEED TO GET A GRIP.

I KNOW. IT'S NOT HIS FAULT. IT'S NO ONE'S FAULT. BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT FEEL ANY BETTER.

I NEED HELP. I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO GET SOME.

WASHINGTON, D.C.  
THE OFFICE OF  
JASON WYNN,  
C.I.A.

OUR  
INVESTIGATION  
SHOWED THAT  
ONLY A  
HANDFUL OF  
PERSONNEL  
EVEN HAD  
ACCESS TO  
THOSE FILES,  
SIR.

COMBINED  
WITH THE  
KNOWLEDGE  
OF OUR ARMORY  
HARDWARE  
PLACEMENT, WE'VE  
NARROWED OUR  
LIST DOWN  
TO THREE  
POSSIBILITIES.

YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO LIKE  
THIS, SIR.  
FITZGERALD.  
TERRY  
FITZGERALD.

DAMN.

I HAD SUCH HIGH  
HOPES FOR THE YOUNG  
MAN. WHAT A  
DISAPPOINTMENT.

CONTINUE.

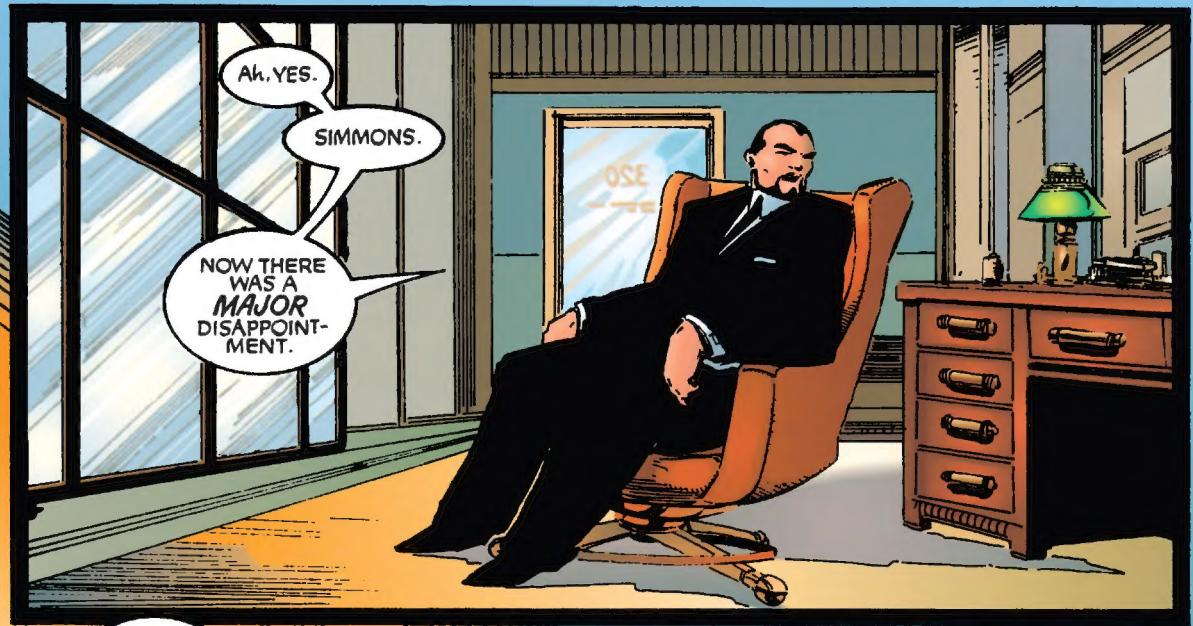
OUR DATA SHOWS THAT HE IS HEAVILY  
LINKED WITH ALL FACETS OF HIGH-PRIORITY  
GOVERNMENTAL PROJECTS, AS WELL AS  
CONSTANT INTERACTION WITH C.I.A. AND  
PRESIDENTIAL FILES. TO THIS POINT HE  
HAS KEPT A CLEAN RECORD AND HAS  
BEEN COMPLETELY OPEN TO ANY  
SECURITY CHECKS.

WHAT'S  
HIS  
MOTIVE?

REVENGE.

AS I'M  
SURE YOU'RE  
AWARE,  
FITZGERALD WAS  
BEST FRIENDS  
WITH LT. COLONEL  
AL SIMMONS, ONE  
OF YOUR FORMER  
AGENTS. IT'S OUR  
BELIEF THAT HE IS  
TRYING TO GATHER  
INFORMATION  
THAT MIGHT BE  
USEFUL IN A  
BLACKMAIL  
SITUATION.

YOU  
REMEMBER  
SIMMONS,  
DON'T YOU,  
SIR?





NOW YOU LISTEN HERE, BOY. YOU WAS A *HERO*. YOU UNDERSTAND? EVERYONE ALWAYS TOLD ME SO. DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE SO CONFUSED. BUT GOD DIDN'T SEND YOU DOWN HERE JUST TO TELL ME I'M GOING TO HEAVEN.

HE MUST'A SENT YOU DOWN SO'S HE COULD PROVE TO YOU THAT YOU'RE A *REAL ANGEL*.

AIN'T *NO WAY* SATAN GONNA SEND ONE OF HIS JUST TO TELL FOLKS THEY'RE GOING TO HEAVEN. DON'T MAKE NO SENSE.

YOU HEAR ME?!

I LOVE YOU, AL. I MISS YOU SO MUCH. YOU MADE ME LAUGH LIKE NO ONE ELSE COULD. I MISS THAT. I MISS YOU.

AND WANDA. YOU'D BE SO PROUD OF HER. CARRYING ON WITH LIFE. GOT HERSELF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. AND A *HUSBAND*.

DIDN'T TAKE *HIS* LAST NAME, EITHER.

THOUGH I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW ALL THIS, SITTING UP THERE WATCHING DOWN ON US ALL DAY.

GRANNIE ...

I HAVE TO ASK YOU SOMETHING. DOES WANDA STILL THINK OF ME?

HEAVEN'S SAKE, CHILD!!

THAT WOMAN'S GOT MORE LOVE FOR YOU TODAY THAN SHE EVER HAD. SHE MISSES YOU MORE THAN ANY OF US.

YOU GAVE HER HAPPINESS, AL. AND LOVE. NO ONE CAN EVER TAKE THAT AWAY. SHE STILL VISITS ME EVERY TUESDAY. WHEN WE TALK ABOUT YOU, I CAN STILL HEAR THE LOVE IN HER VOICE.

I KNOW YOU'RE PAINED. BUT SOMEDAY, YOU AND WANDA WILL BE REUNITED FOREVER. WE ALL WILL.

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. THANK YOU. THANK YOU SO MUCH, GRANNIE.

I HAVE TO GO NOW.

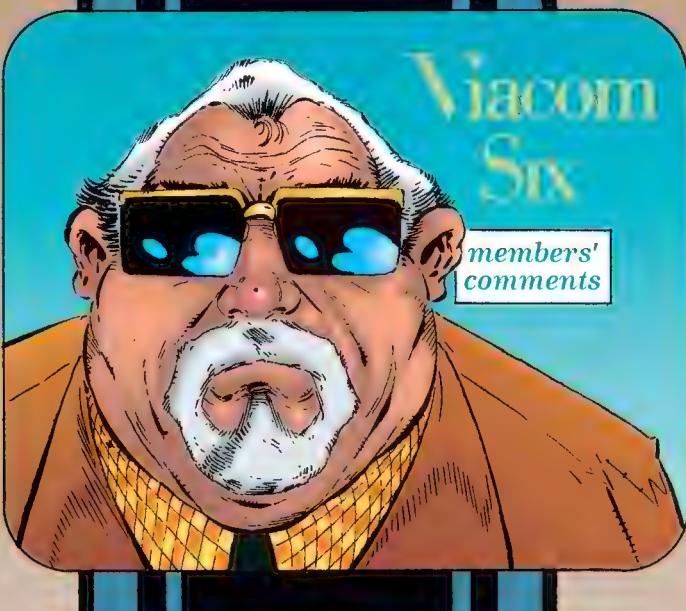
GOD BLESS YOU.



NEW YORK CITY OFFICIALS CONFIRMED THEIR INTENT TO BEEF UP POLICE PRESENCE IN MANHATTAN'S LOWER WEST IN RESPONSE TO THE SUDDEN RASH OF *VIOLENCE* IN THAT CITY'S BACK STREETS. BESIDES EARLIER REPORTS OF NONSANCTIONED *YOUNGBLOOD* ACTIVITY, THERE REMAINS THE QUESTION OF WHY SO MANY OF THE VICTIMS ARE SUSPECTED OF CONNECTIONS TO THE *MAFIA*.

WITH THIS NEW DEVELOPMENT, IT COMES AS NO SURPRISE TO ORGANIZED CRIME WATCHERS THAT SICILIAN BODYGUARD *OVERT-KILL* WAS REPORTEDLY SEEN IN NEW YORK LAST WEEK. HOWEVER, OUR REPORTERS HAVE HAD NO LUCK IN DETERMINING HIS WHEREABOUTS.

ACCORDING TO SOURCES CLOSE TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE, MANHATTAN IS FACING THE GRIM POSSIBILITY OF A *WAR*, SEEMINGLY BETWEEN THOSE MAFIA GANGS AND THE MOBS OF DISENFRANCHISED YOUTH WHO PATTERN THEMSELVES AFTER THE GOVERNMENT'S *YOUNGBLOOD* PROGRAM.



## SPINELESS WHELP!!

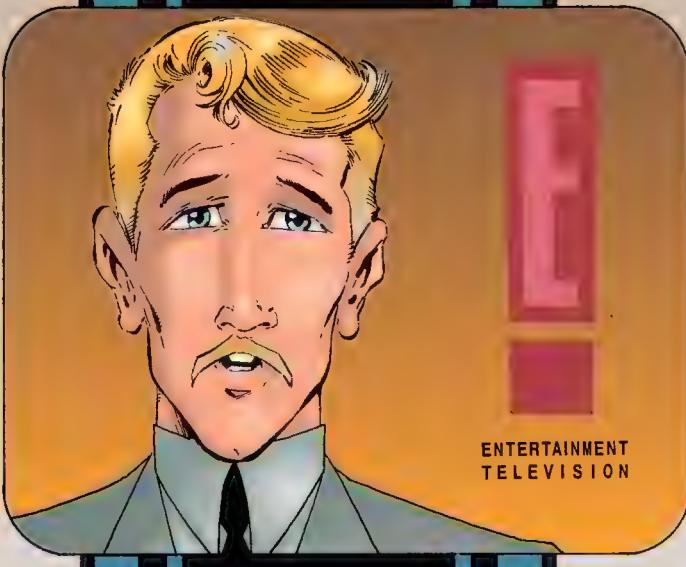
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU PUNKS, YOU HEARD ME! IN MY DAY, WE DIDN'T RESORT TO SUCH COWARDLY STUNTS AS SHOOTING ONE ANOTHER! MIND YOU, I DON'T GIVE A HOOT IF YOU WANT TO LITTER THE ALLEYS WITH EACH OTHERS' *INTESTINES*!

FACT IS, THAT'D MAKE ME RATHER *GIDDY*. WHAT GETS MY GOAT, THOUGH, IS THAT YOU HAVE TO SHOOT AT *ALL*. YOU WANT TO EMULATE THE GOVERNMENT WHIZ KIDS, FINE! I THINK THAT'S *MORONIC*, BUT WHAT CAN I EXPECT FROM A BUNCH OF TEENAGE *TECHNO-NERDS*??

CERTAINLY NOT INTELLIGENCE.

WHEN I BELONGED TO GANGS, WE SETTLED THINGS WITH OUR *FISTS*! YOU COULD SEE THE ENEMY'S EYES. NOW YOU USE *YOUNGBLOOD*-TYPE MILITARY *HARDWARE* THAT CAN LEVEL A *CITY BLOCK* IN ONE SHOT.

OH YEAH, WHAT A BUNCHA *FRIGGIN'* HEROES!



IN A MAJOR COUP FOR *PARAMOUNT*, STUDIO EXECUTIVES HAVE PURCHASED THE FILM RIGHTS TO MARK CURTIS' BEST-SELLER, "*COURAGEOUS AMBITIONS: THE AL SIMMONS STORY*." THIS UNOFFICIAL BIOGRAPHY DELVES INTO THE POLITICAL ARENA TO SHOW US JUST HOW DEMANDING IT CAN BE, WORKING AS ONE OF THE PRESIDENT'S *ERRAND BOYS*.

FOLLOWING THE HUGE SUCCESS OF CLINT EASTWOOD'S NEW FILM "*IN THE LINE OF FIRE*," AS WELL AS PRIOR FASCINATION WITH COLONEL OLIVER NORTH AND GENERAL "STORMIN'" NORMAN SCHWARTZKOPF, IT LOOKS AS IF HOLLYWOOD IS DETERMINED TO RUN THIS NEW GENRE INTO THE GROUND.

THIS JUST IN...

WE'VE RECEIVED WORD THAT THE AGENCY HANDLING *YOUNGBLOODS*' VERY OWN *BEDROCK* HAS RUN INTO SOME LEGAL SNAGS WITH ANIMATORS *HANNA-BARBARA* OVER NAME-USE RIGHTS.

NEW YORK CITY.  
THE N.Y.P.D.'S  
TWELFTH PRECINCT.

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE  
IT!!

WHAT  
A LOAD OF  
CRAP!

JUST BECAUSE THEY FIND A  
DEAD GUY STRUNG UP IN  
OUR OFFICE WITH POPSICLE  
STICKS RAMMED THROUGH  
HIS BELLY...

...WE'RE  
PUT ON  
INTERNAL  
PROBATION.

ONLY  
UNTIL THE  
BOARD'S  
INQUIRY  
GIVES ITS  
RESULT.

AND SCREW CHIEF BANKS!

THAT SONOVABITCH  
HAS BEEN RIDING ME  
EVERY DAY. WHAT'S  
THE FRIGGIN' IDIOT  
THINK WE DID?!--  
CARRY KINCAID'S  
BLOODY BODY UP THE  
SIDE OF THE  
BUILDING?!

LISTEN,  
TWITCH, WE  
BOTH KNOW  
THAT KINCAID  
DESERVED  
TO DIE.

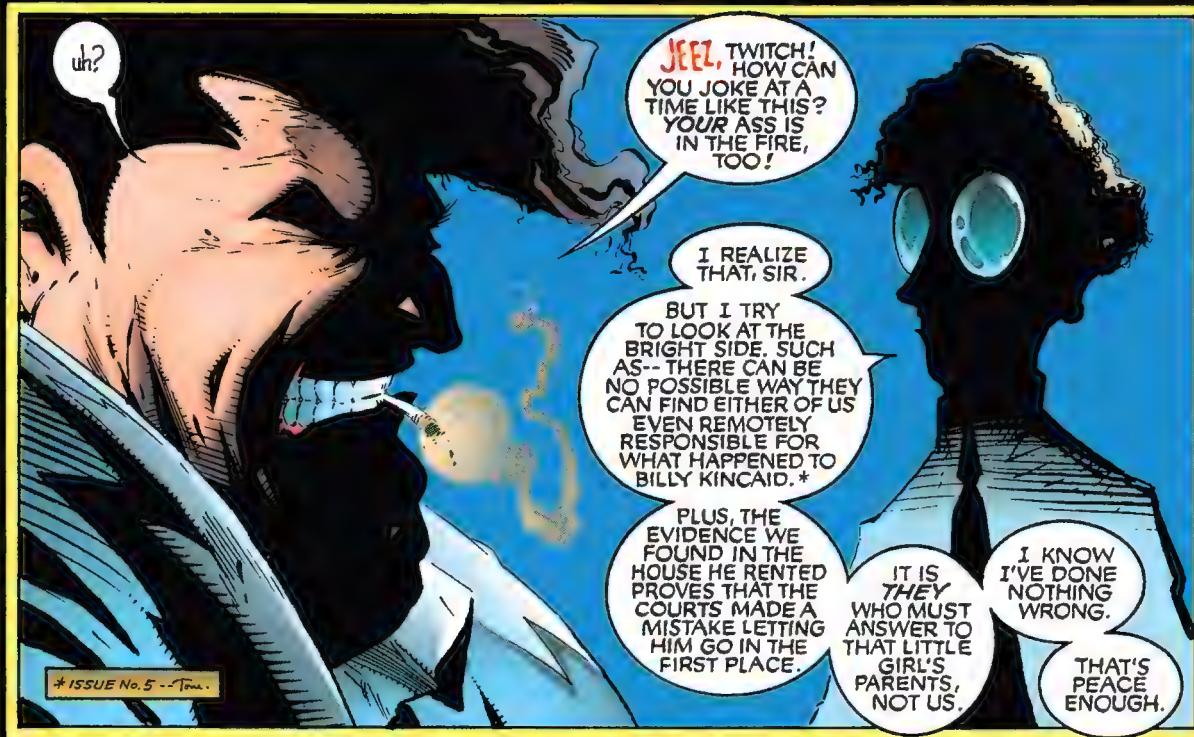
HELL--  
EVERYONE  
THOUGHT  
SO!

BUT THE  
MERE FACT  
THAT BANKS  
THINKS WE HAD  
ANYTHING AT ALL  
TO DO WITH THOSE  
POPSICLE STICKS  
POKING OUT OF  
HIM JUST  
INFURIATES  
ME TO NO  
END.

SCREW  
THE  
BOARD.

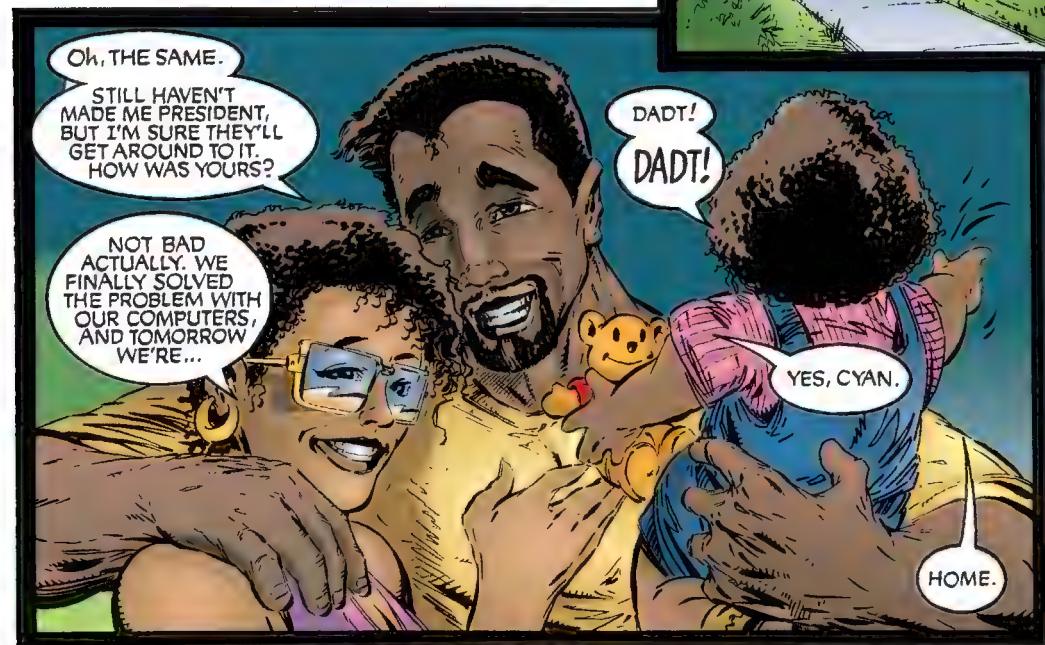
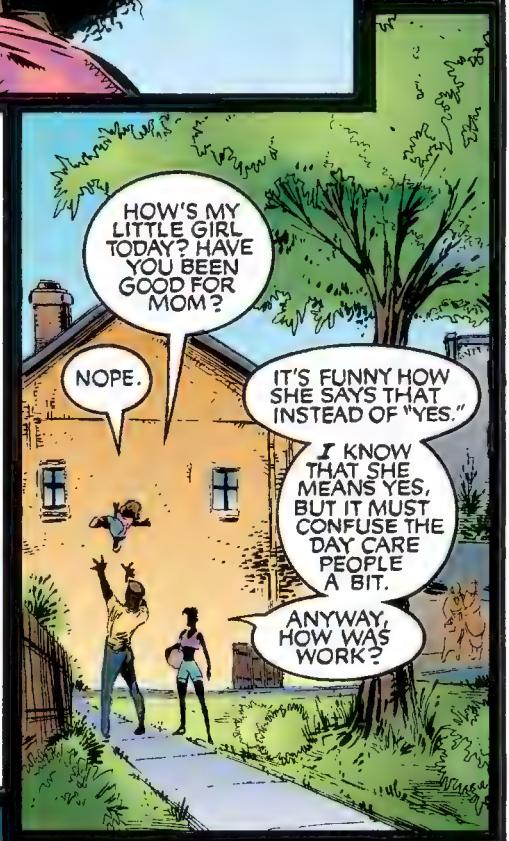
YES,  
SIR. HE  
DOES.

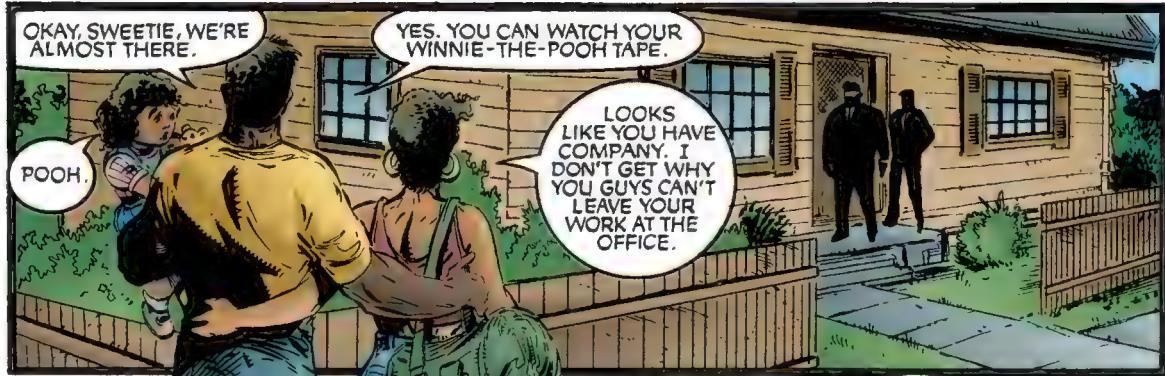
DON'T  
FORGET  
THE  
ICE CREAM  
SCOOP.



AS THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT THE NEXT DAY, WANDA BLAKE AND HER DAUGHTER CYAN TAKE TIME TO ENJOY THE WARMTH.







EXCELLENT!  
EXCELLENT!

FITZGERALD  
HAS BEEN  
PROPERLY  
ADVISED??

YES,  
SIR.

WE'VE ALSO  
STARTED AROUND-  
THE-CLOCK SURVEILLANCE  
ON BOTH HE AND  
HIS WIFE.

PERFECT.

MIDNIGHT. THE BACK  
STREETS OF MANHATTAN'S  
LOWER EAST SIDE.

FRIENDS SHARE THEIR  
BOTTLES AND STORIES  
WITH EACH OTHER.

THEY ALSO SHARE ANYTHING  
ELSE THEY MIGHT HAVE IN  
COMMON WITH ONE ANOTHER.

# FLINTSTONES!

MEET THE FLINTSTONES!

THEY'RE A MODERN STONE-AGE FA-MI-LY. FROM  
THE TOWN OF BEDROCK - THEY'RE A PAGE RIGHT  
OUT OF HIS-TO-RY. WHEN YOU - MEET THE FLINTSTONES -

YOU'LL HAVE A YABBA-  
DABBA-DOO TIME!  
A DABBA-DOO TIME!

YOU'LL HAVE A  
GAY OL' TIME!

# WILMA!

glug-  
glug-



WHOA!!

TAKE IT  
EASY THERE,  
AL. SAVE SOME  
FOR US.





AL!

HELP HIM!  
HE CAN'T  
BREATHE!

THAT DAMN  
MASK'S  
TRYING TO  
SUFFOCATE  
HIM!

GURGT

GAREB.  
YOU OKAY?

huh- huh-  
y- yeah-  
i think so...

I'M SORRY--  
BUT I DON'T HAVE  
ANY CONTROL  
OVER THIS.

YOU  
HAVE TO  
BELIEVE  
ME.

I'LL BE O-OKEY.  
DON'T WORRY.

BUT I GOTTA  
TELL YA, NOT BEING  
A-ABLE TO--BREATHE  
LIKE THAT--WELL,  
IT WAS ALMOST  
AS BAD AS--  
AS--

-- BEING  
AROUND ONE  
OF THEM  
JURASSIC FARTS  
OF BOBBIE'S.

HAR HAR!  
THAT GAREB!  
ALWAYS THE  
KIDDER!



I APPRECIATE  
YOUR HUMOR.



WHY'D IT  
ATTACK  
GAREB?  
CONSIDER HIM  
A HOSTILE?

SO JUST  
LEAVE IT  
ALONE.

BUT I HAVE  
TO TELL YOU--  
**THIS IS NOT**  
FUNNY. NONE OF  
IT IS. I CAN'T CONTAIN  
THIS COSTUME'S MOVEMENTS.  
WHEN IT PERCEIVES AN  
ENEMY, IT MAKES ITS  
OWN CHOICES.

DON'T  
ASK.

I HAVEN'T  
A GODDAMN  
CLUE HOW  
ANY OF THIS  
HAPPENS.

YET,  
FOR SOME  
REASON, I  
FEEL I  
NEED THIS  
OUTFIT.



THEN, SUDDENLY...

?

no.

AL'S MIND EXPLODES.  
HE BELIEVES IT'S THE  
ALCOHOL.

IT'S NOT.

THEN SUDDENLY, THE  
PICTURES BECOME CLEAER.

THE CLUES HAVE  
BEEN THERE  
ALL THE  
TIME.

HE HAD THOUGHT  
THE COFFIN WAS  
A REMINDER OF  
HIS DEATH. IN A  
WAY, IT WAS. BUT  
IT ALSO MEANT  
SO MUCH MORE.

THE FLAG!

THAT'S THE MISSING PIECE  
OF THE PUZZLE.

AND THE SKULL!

IT SIGNIFIES DEATH.  
NOT THE GRIM REAPER,  
AS HIS INSTINCTS  
WERE TELLING HIM,  
BUT THE FACE OF  
HIS KILLER.

NEWLY-UNBLOCKED  
IMAGES COME POURING  
INTO HIS MEMORY'S VOID.

HE SEES THE FACE OF  
DEATH SPRINGING FORTH  
LIKE AN EVIL WEED,  
TO CHOKE OFF THE  
THINGS AROUND IT.

THE FLAG  
DIDN'T SIGNIFY  
PATRIOTISM...

IT WAS  
THE KILLER'S  
EMPLOYER.

THEN... SUDDENLY, FINALLY... IT MAKES SENSE.  
ALL OF IT.

THE FACE OF DEATH WAS  
NOTHING MORE THAN A  
MASK. OR, MORE  
SPECIFICALLY... MAKE-UP!

AND THE  
FINAL PIECE.  
IT NOW  
SEEMS SO  
OBVIOUS.

"HOW COULD I HAVE  
BEEN SO BLIND,"  
THINKS AL.

"IT'S  
NOT MY  
WEDDING.

"IT'S HIS NAME!

"IT WASN'T A  
CHURCH...

"DAMMIT!  
IT WASN'T  
CHURCH--  
--IT WAS...



Noooooooooooooo

CHAPEL



Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE

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